

RUTGERS LITERARY MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

NEW-BRUNSWICK, JANUARY, 1842.

No. I.

Original.

THE ELOQUENCE OF WIRT.

Our country has furnished some noble examples of oratory and eloquence. Perhaps no nation in so comparatively short a period, and laboring under the disadvantages we have had to contend with, has produced a brighter array of names than ours. Our orators have exhibited a variety of talent;—we have had a Demosthenes and a Cicero. And our great men have not been hot-bed plants; they have been nourished and reared in the vigor of a Republic, amid the clashing of master minds, and the competition of a thousand others travelling the same road to distinction. Indeed, the genius of our institutions is peculiarly fitted to encourage and call forth the qualities essential to the orator and the statesman.

Among those who have been pre-eminent in eloquence, William Wirt is well deserving of notice. His eloquence was peculiar. Though not of that rarer kind, which with all the strength of argument united, forces truth irresistibly upon the understanding, yet it was not without its happy effects, and had no small influence upon the minds of his auditory. His was more the Ciceronian style,—more the eloquence of refinement. He combined lucid argument and logical reasoning, with a fascinating diction. He did not rely upon the effect of words, and high sounding sentences,—no, he spurned these minor tricks of speech, and trusted to the powers of his own genius. His discourses displayed solid thought, the workings of a sound and well disciplined mind. Our souls are entranced with his melody. Sometimes we are soothed with his harmonious cadence, and then again we are aroused and astonished as some powerful argument or striking truth, embellished with all the polish of language, is vividly impressed upon our minds. We are never satiated with the eloquence of Wirt. He always commands our admiration. As the speaker finishes, the melody still lingers on our ears, and our very souls partake of the enthusiasm of his own spirit. We feel that a master hand has touched the springs of our nature. We feel that we have been roving through Elysian fields, where flowers spring up at every step, and where we are charmed with the breathing of the zephyrs, the ripple of the rivulet, and the voice of the feathered songsters.

The eloquence of Wirt was not like the swollen mountain torrent, bursting the feeble barriers of man and rushing with terrific fury, but it was more like the gentle streamlet, murmuring through shady groves and flowery meads, bearing on its bosom the perfumed breath of summer, and anon gurgling over a rocky bed. Here it differed from the eloquence of Patrick Henry. The eloquence of Wirt had more of art, that of Patrick Henry

more of nature. Wirt persuaded, Henry convicted. The eloquence of the former partook more of calmness, that of the latter more of impetuosity. The one caused admiration and delight, the other astonishment and awe.

Wirt expressed himself in a peculiarly happy manner. There is an eloquence in his writings which we cannot but feel. His style is classical and flowing, and his figures are chaste, forcible and appropriate. We do not mean to say that his eloquence consisted in figures, and an elegance of style. No—it is the eloquence of his thoughts, which thrills the soul. And here he had a power which few have equalled. We feel what we read, and when we finish, it is with a consciousness that we have perused no common production. The writings of Wirt have been universally read and admired, and will continue to be, while there is any attraction in a rich and glowing style, and a fervid eloquence of thought. William Wirt has earned an enviable fame. His name is enrolled among the noble few, who have been endowed with the rich gift of eloquence, and his memory will be ever cherished with affection by his countrymen. W. V. W.

Original.

THE DISAPPOINTED HOPE.

I stood within the walls of a splendid mansion. The sound of soft music was in the lighted hall; the voice of merriment was there, and the foot of the dancer tripped lightly over the tassellated pavement. Amid the gathered crowds of youth and beauty, not one saddened countenance could be seen: happiness sparkled in every eye, and joy filled each soul. But there was one fairy form, pre-eminent above the rest, whose witching smile gladdened every heart, while her beauty attracted the admiring gaze of all. She was soon to be the mistress of this proud mansion. And as her father's eye fondly rested on her beautiful form, his countenance seemed to bespeak the satisfaction of his heart, in this loved object of his affection. That father was a noble, manly being, the child of fortune and of wealth. * * * Years passed by, and I returned to that spot. The lighted hall was dark and cheerless,—the sounds of mirth had ceased, and all was silent. The once noble form of the father was now bowed down by age, and his countenance was wrinkled with sorrow. As I named her whose loveliness once grazed his splendid halls, the deep drawn sigh escaped from his lips, and he spoke of her untimely end, and of her dying moments. "O! I will never forget the unspeakable agony which I experienced. She whom I loved so dearly, was lying almost breathless on the couch. The icy coldness of death was on her brow, and the iron-hearted monster had already fettered her tongue, so that she could no more give utterance to those pleasant words which had so often cheered me in the hour of despondency. Her appearance brought forcibly to my mind the departure of her sainted mother, for she was so like her—her very image. When called to separate from that dear partner of my joys, the struggle had been great. Now that I was to lose all that was left to remind me of her, the conflict was still more intense." The old man paused a moment to wipe away the tears that trickled down his furrowed cheeks, and then continued:—"Although it was many years since, the thought of it still overpowers me. I gazed upon the lovely countenance of the dying one, until the morning star arose in the eastern horizon, when, with a heavenly smile

beaming on her features, she gently breathed her last, and left me—alone in the world, —forsaken, childless.” The speaker ceased, and soon he too was laid in the cold earth, by the side of those he loved.

Thus it is with man; all his joys are ephemeral. The mildew blasts his fairest hopes—disease removes his dearest friends, and he is left alone, like the leafless oak scathed by the lightnings of heaven, inviting the stroke of the axeman *death*. The collected experience of ages, speaks with its warning voice of the evanescent nature of those hopes which have their origin in earthly things. Such hopes are withered by the first rough blast that passes over them, and their possessor is left hopeless, and forlorn. But there is a plant of heavenly origin, which no rude blast of adversity can scathe—which blooms unhurt amid the bustling, changing scenes of life—which will shed its sweet perfume over the pathway to the grave, and cheer us till we arrive in realms of endless bliss. This is the *christian hope of heaven*. It may well be called a star, sent to guide the weary wanderer o’er earth’s dark wastes, to the peaceful inn of lasting rest. It is not like the ignis fatuus of worldly pleasure, which leads the soul astray and plunges it into the mire of dissipation and misery; but like the bright shining of Bethlehem’s star, it leads with unerring certainty to the object of human search—to happiness, and then

“Sinks not in empty night,
But hides itself in heaven’s own light.”

S.

Original.

THE EXPIRING CHRISTIAN.

I paused a moment on the threshold
Of that humble dwelling: the broken chair,
The floor uncarpetted, the chest that held
The scanty wardrobe, and the dim windows
Where the wintry blasts found easy entrance,
Told that poverty in all his hopelessness
Dwelt there. It was a death bed chamber too.
There lay, extended on the couch, a form
That you would scarce imagine could be *class’d*
’Mong living things: there was no sign of life,
Save ever and anon the deep drawn sigh,—
And even this seemed as but the rustling
Of death’s sable wings.

I drew me near that couch
To hold a moment’s converse, with the one
Who lay upon it: She had for many
Years been a deep sufferer: Intemperance
Had blasted all her hopes, and render’d him—
Her veriest curse—who should have been her fond
Protector. And now, Consumption’s ghastly,

Frightful form had come, and had imprinted
 Deep his image on her countenance,—while
 In her breast she felt his baleful pow'r,
 Poisoning her life's blood.

But still her mind
 Was calm and peaceful. In her deep distress,
 Her wounded heart had found a healing balm—
 The balm of Gilead : while on the darkness
 Of her soul, the sun of righteousness had shone,
 And render'd it all radiant with the light
 Of Heaven. It was a privilege to stand
 And hear the lowly whisper, that bespoke
 A strong unwavering confidence in God—
 That told of the bright hopes of bliss, and told
 Of happiness 'mid so much misery.
 O, if there be one place, where angels love
 To linger on this sinful world, methinks
 It must be at the dying Christian's bed,
 Whether array'd in all the sumptuousness
 Of wealth, or cover'd with the scanty garb
 Of poverty. For there can they behold
 The bless'd effects of that mysterious
 Union, which fill'd all heav'n with wonder—God
 And man united. It was to conquer
 Death, and give the happy soul release
 In such an hour as this, that Christ became
 Incarnate.

But there were angel spirits
 There, sent at his beck, t'escort th' enraptur'd
 Soul from earth to heaven. Methought I saw them
 Too, as the last quivering of the lip told
 Of that lifeless corpse, wing their glad flight
 To regions of celestial day, bearing
 In their embrace another soul, redeem'd
 From sin and death and hell.

O may I die
 As God's own servants die, happy and calm,
 And peaceful as th' expiring zephyr breathes
 Itself away,—and then be borne on wings
 Of swiftest light, to bathe amid the floods
 Of heavenly splendor round th' eternal throne.

D.

MANNER.

Of all the modifications of manner which are to be met with in society, perhaps the most generally pleasing is simplicity, even as that water is the purest which has no taste—that air the freshest which has no odour.

Original.

SAMUEL J. HOPPER.

WHEN death removes from our society, those who are clothed with honors and are ripe in years, we drop the tear of grief, and deeply lament their departure. But when he hurls his fatal dart against the young, the talented, the affectionate and chosen friend, in opening manhood, how deep the gloom it casts over associates, and how sudden the blight it gives to their ardent expectations! That the spoiler should nip the flower that just begins to bloom, and to dispense its fragrance all around, seems afflictive indeed to our spirits, and calls forth the most tender emotions of our nature. We feel as if another tie that bound us to earth is sundered, and we long to join the departed spirit in a state where friends shall meet to part no more.

The death of him whose name heads this article, affords another instance of the dissolution of those bonds of friendship and affection, which unite man to his fellow men. It may not be amiss to exhibit a brief sketch of the life and character of one so much endeared to an extensive circle of acquaintances, whose friendship and confidence he so deservedly enjoyed.

Samuel J. Hopper, was born February 19th, 1822, at Washington, Bergen co., N. J. Descended from respectable parents, who duly estimated the importance of a good education, and being an only son, he enjoyed such opportunities as his situation afforded, for the culture of his intellectual and moral capacities. At an early age, he received instruction in the usual preliminary branches of an English education; he was ever characterized as studious, and his mind was imbued with an ardent desire for the acquisition of useful knowledge. At the age of 14, he commenced his classical studies under the superintendence of Mr. Blanch, a lawyer at Piermont, Rockland co. N. Y. and subsequently with the Rev. John Manley, at Saddle River, Bergen co. N. J.—gentlemen who were well qualified for their duties. Whilst residing in the family of the latter, he manifested those traits of character, which secured to him their ardent affection and lasting friendship. Though he engaged with ardor in the pursuits of classical literature and mathematical science, he did not neglect those studies which enlarge the mind, improve the understanding, and strengthen the judgment. His leisure hours were devoted to the study of history, and other useful branches of knowledge, in preference to works of fiction and romance, which too often pervert, mislead and injure the youthful mind. Thus he was early treasuring up a stock of knowledge, which in manhood would have enabled him to exert a directing and beneficial influence upon those who come within the sphere of his influence.

In September, 1838, he entered Rutgers College; at which institution he graduated with honor and respectability, July, 1841. Although attentive to the prescribed course of studies, they did not secure his undivided attention. He ever spurned the idea of pursuing a liberal course of education, merely to obtain the honors of an institution; whilst neglecting pursuits, equally essential to future usefulness. Bent on acquiring a solid, and useful education, he did not seek a superficial acquaintance with the subjects he investigated. Of a modest and retiring character, he did not strive to shine. His aim was, not temporal distinction; but, to be eminently useful. Possessing no usual

talents as a speaker, though naturally diffident, he gave bright promise of oratorical success. As a writer, his ambition was to convince the understanding, enlighten the heart, and direct the will; rather than to arouse the passions, please the fancy, and enchant the imagination. He strove to present truth in simple, energetic and expressive language; rather than to encompass it with the tinsel of heartless sentimentalism, or mere rhetorical display. Not possessing the tact of the superficial scholar for display, his real attainments were unknown, except to his most intimate and confidential friends. Yet he obtained a high reputation for his literary character; for in native talent, capacity of intellect, and acquired knowledge, he truly occupied the first rank amid his contemporaries. Others may have had more praise, yet he possessed the talent, knowledge, and ability, to sustain a permanent and elevated rank in the pursuits of literature and science. This is not the language of empty, unmeaning praise. It is the candid testimony of one, who was long his most intimate and confidential friend; who alone fully knew his opinions, abilities and acquirements, and could properly estimate their importance in the constitution and elevation of his literary character. Deeply to be regretted is it, that he did not remain to exercise those talents and acquirements which he so largely possessed, in discharging the duties of the Christian ministry, in which he had resolved to engage during the remainder of his life. Other professions indeed, held out inducements, alluring him to their pursuit. Prospective affluence awaited him, in the more retired walks of private life. But the honors, pleasures and enjoyments of the world, he lightly esteemed, in comparison with the privilege, joy and satisfaction of becoming a faithful, zealous and devoted ambassador for Christ to sinful man. To glorify God, and be instrumental in the salvation of souls, was the object of his ardent desires—his most joyful anticipations. With all his acquisitions, and a due sense of the great responsibilities awaiting him, he entered upon a course of theological study, with alacrity and delight. Diligent in fulfilling his duties, he strove to render his knowledge subservient to the grand design he aimed to accomplish. Early impressed with a sense of the importance of religion, and having a few years previous made a profession of his faith, he appeared to take an increased interest in divine things. The highest anticipations were cherished as to his prospective career. But God was pleased to disappoint human expectation—to blight human hope. In wisdom, the Almighty Disposer of events, saw fit to remove him from earth, and he

"Who in the glowing morn of vigorous life,
Aspired after great religious deeds,
Was suddenly cut off, with all his hopes
In sunny bloom, and unaccomplished left
His withered aims."

By a disease of short duration, that baffled the efforts of medical skill and assiduous attention, he fell a prey to death, on the afternoon of Sunday, October 24th, 1841, in the twentieth year of his age. By his removal, kind parents have been deprived of an affectionate, beloved and *only* son; his *associates* of a warm, sincere, and steadfast friend; the *Church* of a zealous, humble and sincere Christian; and *society* of an ornament and blessing. He ever sustained an unblemished character, for strict integrity and honesty of purpose. He was from childhood noted for gentleness of disposition, affability of manners, love of truth, and tenderness of conscience. Frank and open in his deport-

ment, he abhorred cunning or deceit. Generous and forgiving, he disdained to resent injustice or reproach, by retaliation or revenge. His heart was ever ready to sympathize in human woe, assuage the tears of grief, and afford consolation to the distressed. Noble, candid, and upright, he despised the debasing artifices of chicanery and deception. In fine, he was, as a *Christian*, sincere, fervent and decided; as a *student*, diligent, conscientious and active; as a *scholar*, talented, intelligent and promising; as a *friend*, honorable, confiding and beloved; as a *companion*, affectionate, agreeable, enlivening. His *character* was consistent, upright, meek; his *disposition*, frank, amiable, obliging; his *manners*, engaging, pleasant, courteous; his *temper*, mild, forgiving, sedate. Truly applicable to him, is the sentiment of a highly gifted poet, cut off like him in early life—

“The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day.”

Though removed to a brighter and happier world, the recollection of his worth still survives; and while memory lasts, will be embalmed in the hearts and affections of those who knew him on earth, and could regard him as a friend. To such, may the language of the poet afford consolation—

“Parted friends may meet again,
When the storms of life are past,
And the spirit freed from pain,
Basks in friendships that will last.

“Parted friends again may meet,
From the toils of nature free;
Crowned with mercy, oh! how sweet,
Will eternal friendship be!”

C.

Original.

LITERARY CHARACTERS—No. I.

BY CLAVIUS.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

MISS GOULD is one of the most popular of our poetical writers. There is a fascination in her numbers which none can resist. There is an overflowing of the heart—a sister feeling, which acts like magic upon the vast multitude,—for she seems to breathe the atmosphere of all, and to have a word for the humble dweller in the cottage, as well as for the inhabitant of the sumptuous mansion. She is the simple child of nature,—no gaudy drapery—no fictitious pearls which only dazzle to deceive, are gathered around her, to add to the splendor of her verse. Simplicity is the most prominent trait in her beautifully diversified, yet harmonious character. Here poetry is but the mirror that reflects the marked features and workings of her own mind—the vast apartments of the casket within—furnished with every thing that can administer to comfort—or satisfy the well directed fancy. Here she is the opposite of Miss Landon—whose poetry was no true transcript of her inward being, but was written in consonance with the deep, tried feelings of those who had plucked every flower and drank of every cup of pleasure along the pathway of life. Miss Gould takes up her pen to write poetry—as she would to write a letter to a friend, and breathes in it the same genial spirit. The moment we

peruse her writings, the cold restraints of the world are forgotten, and were she to appear before us at such a time, we should greet her as an old, familiar friend, whose converse had added a charm to life, and whiled away many a lonely hour, which but for her, would have made us murmur against that divine providence which has always treated us more kindly than we have deserved. It is this which establishes that sweet fellowship on earth, that makes it often seem like a lovely garden—where bloom the sweetest flowers—fanned by the breath of summer, and where kindred spirits luxuriate in each others delights.

You will look in vain through her compositions for a wild sentiment or an affected expression. Her thoughts are natural, and yet not common place—her language is unstudied, and yet she contrives to find the very word she needs. She never waits for the 'poetic fit,' but can at almost every hour of the day, throw aside her work, and propitiate her muse, and that too most successfully. Here, she treads in the footsteps of Miss Landon, whose pen indited her thoughts in any mood—joyous, serious, or sad—in the midst of a gay assembly, or at the hour of midnight.

And our sweet poetess is not only natural, but she is graceful and refined. 'Grace is, indeed, the child of nature,—and stiffness and constraint are as fatal to it in the spiritual, as in the natural body.' Nature and art are so happily combined in one, through all her works, that we see nature in her most pleasing and beautiful garb, divested of every thing which can derange and mar her loveliness. This alone is sufficient to establish her poetical character,—for the true poet gives us the finest and most perfect representations of the beauties, either of the natural or moral world, and leads us to love what we might otherwise hate.

Miss Gould is also the child of invention. 'She copies from no model, and her images are the transcripts of forms existing in her own mind. She has that gifted eye, which discerns poetic relations between common objects. There is also a variety in her productions which proves the creativeness of her powers. She is not always grave, nor always humorous—nor always descriptive,—nor always reflective; but has the power of putting off and on all these various moods.'

She often selects her subjects from the trite and familiar things of life, and gives to them a novelty and charm which must make them new and interesting to all. There is one of her pieces—which our memory now recalls—both touching and sweet, and we give it to our readers, that they may judge for themselves.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

My little friend, 'tis a stormy day,
But we are left together;
I to listen, and thou to play,
So we'll not heed the weather!
The clouds may rise, and the tempest come—
The wind and the rain may beat—
With thee to gently play 'Sweet Home!'
I feel that home is sweet!

The yellow leaf, from the shivering tree,
On Autumn's blast is flying;

But a spirit of life, enshrined in thee,
 While all around are dying,
 Calls up the shadows of many a year,
 With their joys that were bright as brief;
 And if, perchance, it may start a tear,
 'Tis not the tear of grief.

'Tis a hallowed offering of the soul,
 From her richest fountain gushing—
 A warm, live drop, that has spurned control,
 To the eye for freedom rushing—
 As Music's Angel, hovering near,
 To touch thy tender key,
 The numbers of a higher sphere
 Is pouring forth from thee.

And while I feel his powerful hand
 O'er the chords of Memory sweeping,
 To waken, and bring from a spirit-land
 The things that had else been sleeping,
 It lifts my thoughts to a world to come,
 Where the parted here shall meet,
 Secure from the storms of life, at home,
 And sing that home is peace.

It is this faculty of culling sweets from the common incidents of life, that has made her poetical productions the companion of the social circle, and made her name dear to the hearts of both young and old. For in the language of another, it is this which adds infinitely to the happiness of life, and enables us to bear its trials with more composure. The habit of associating simple incidents, household affections, and every day occurrences with the infinite capacities of the human mind, gives strength and elevation to the character, supplies us with constant resources—teaches us to look with more respect upon ourselves and human nature, and to lean with more affectionate confidence upon the bosom of our God.

There is also a tone of moral feeling running through her-writing, which irresistibly affects the heart of the reader. Her notions of duty are admirable, and she is a firm believer in the power of the mind over its own movements. She is never led into delusions; she does not entertain wrong opinions of the good and ill of life; she does not expect to be freed from the general laws which govern the moral universe. She views man as he is,—fallen from his once lovely innocence, yet still retaining something of his maker's image, and having within him the beam of immortality. In one word—she views time, heaven and eternity, as a christian pilgrim,—and most beautifully has she expressed her own feelings in the following lovely lines.

PILGRIM'S WAY SONG.

I'm bound to the house of my father;
 O turn not my feet from the way,

Nor stop me these wild flowers to gather,
They drop at my touch and decay !
I think of the flowers that are blooming
In beauty unfading above,
The wings of kind angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow waters the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay ;
Their taste is of tears, while we're sinking
Beside them where quicksands betray.
I long for that fount ever living,
That flows from my father's own door,
With waters so sweet and life giving,
To drink and to thirst never more.

The gold of his bright happy dwelling,
Makes all lower gold to look dim ;
Its treasures, all treasures excelling,
Shine forth and allure me to him.
The gems of this world I am treading
In dust, where as pebbles they lie,
To win the rich pearl that is shedding
Its lustre so pure from on high.

For pains a torn spirit is feeling,
No balsam from earth it receives !
I go to the tree that hath healing
To drop in my wounds from its leaves.
A child that is weary with roaming
Returning in gladness to see
Its home and its parents, I'm coming
My father, I hasten to thee.

Who can read these touching lines without feeling that the charmed poetess, although dwelling on earth, was holding blessed communion with the upper world, and that the winged Angels of the skies were hovering around her, and blending in most divine harmony, the glories of her future home ? Who would not long to become a participant with her in the same delights, and to have their spirit's wings bathed in the light of heaven ? Who would for one moment tread some gorgeous palace of a prince of earth—mingle amid all the revelry of music and of song—lift the sparkling wine-cup to the lips of beauty—and whirl around through the tinselled splendor of the giddy dance ; rather than to sit by some humble cottage under the blue canopy of heaven, at the calm hour of night, and there, while the stars look down approvingly,—and whispers, as of the spirits of departed friends are floating around at that peaceful and holy hour,—listen to the breathings of our sweet mistress of song, as she tells of the poetry of heaven, and of the unfading flowers which bloom in the Paradise above ?


Original

THE CHARM BROKEN.

A TRUE STORY—BY A DUTCHMAN.

MANY years ago, there lived among the Dutch settlers on Long Island, an individual who had been so unlucky as to depart from the paths of rectitude, which were pursued by most of those who came from the "vader land." Unfortunately for him too, it was at a time when those modern inventions, Total Abstinence Societies, were unknown; and so Hendrick B—— was, and was likely forever to remain, an incorrigible toper. And furthermore, as Hendrick possessed all the infirmities of human nature usual in such cases, his poor wife had to hear many a dreadful curse, and suffer many a severe blow from her drunken husband. Things at last came to such a pitch that she could endure it no longer, and she betook herself to their next neighbor, to vent her sorrows in complaints and tears. Now this neighbor, Hans Van T——, happened to be a man of herculean strength, and withal possessed of no little cunning and tact. So after patiently hearing the good woman to the end of her story, he told her that her case was indeed a pitiable one, but yet not altogether hopeless. Said he, (of course all their conversation was carried on in Dutch,) "I can cure your husband of his drunkenness, and can make it so that you will never suffer any more abuse from him, if you will promise me to keep a secret. Now remember—if you ever let the secret out, I can do nothing more for you: there will be no remedy then, and you will have to suffer." Of course she promised most certainly, that she would do as he wished, and never let any one know what the secret was. He then made known his plans, told her that she must not be frightened when they were carried into execution, and after reminding her of the absolute necessity of keeping the whole forever to herself, sent her home.

It was a stormy night in the middle of November. The rain descended in torrents; the wind moaned and blew in fitful gusts, and it seemed as though the Evil Spirit was abroad, dragging some tortured souls to the receptacle for the sinful dead. In the height of the storm, Hans Van T—— might be seen issuing from his own comfortable home. He was enveloped in an old cloak that covered his whole form; a slouched hat was drawn over his eyes, and on the hat was fastened a pair of horns, which had once graced the head of a noble ox: on his right foot was firmly secured a hoof that had once been the property of a prancing steed; while in his mouth a piece of wood was so placed, as entirely to disguise his natural voice.

But let us visit the house of the drunkard. Hendrick B—— was sitting over the scanty embers in the fire place, yawning, and venting a growling curse on his wife, when he heard a terrible noise outside the house. On raising his head, the door was opening, and the first sight that greeted his staring eyes, was a tremendous pair of horns. Before he had time to recover from the shock, the spectre was advancing toward him, and the loud stamping of a hoof on the floor, gave convincing proof to poor Hendrick, that the dreadful being before him was nothing less than the King of the infernal regions. But he had no time to think, for it immediately caught hold of him, threw him down violently, stamped on him with the hoof, and dragged him about. Then he heard an un-

earthly voice, exclaiming in hurried accents, "I have come to take you with me; you are so wicked, and abuse your wife so much, that you are not fit to live. Come along with me." Suiting the action to the word, the supposed demon was dragging him toward the door: but by this time the imminent danger in which Hendrick found himself, had in some degree restored the power of speech, and he began to beg for his life. "O good tuyfel, do let me stay. I will be good to my wife. I wont abuse her any more. O, I will go to church and behave myself. Do let me stay, good tuyfel, do let me stay." Yet it seemed of no avail, for the "tuyfel," after pausing a moment, was still intent on dragging him through the door; and although on his begging piteously and promising to be kind to his wife, he had a little respite several times, yet he was getting nearer and nearer the open air every moment. At last, however, the Evil One began to relent, and to his great joy Hendrick heard him say, "I will let you stay, if you will promise me not to drink any more rum, and never to abuse your wife again. But the very first time you do it after this, I will come and take you right along with me." His promises of reform were many and sincere, and his tormentor at length departed, leaving him under the full conviction that if he ever misbehaved again, there was no hope for him—his fate was sealed.

Of course he became a reformed man. Comfort and peace again visited his habitation. His wife was happy, for he was as kind to her as a husband could be, knowing that his very existence depended on this.

Matters went on thus quietly and smoothly for five or six years. But one evening as the good couple were sitting over a blazing fire, talking kindly together, Hendrick spoke of the events which we have been describing. "Wife," said he, shaking his head, "that was a narrow escape I had that night, when the tuyfel was after me. I came very near going with him, didn't I?" "O no, Hendrick," said the wife, "that was not the devil that came here that night—it was our neighbor, Hans Van T—. I will tell you now just how it was."

But from this time the CHARM WAS BROKEN. Hendrick B— soon returned to his cups, and his wife had to suffer more than before, from her drunken partner. But there was no help for her now. The secret was out, and all hopes that her husband would ever be reformed again were at an end. She lived and she died, the wife of a drunkard.

Original.

THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Slowly it cometh,	List! how it speaketh,
Low and clear,	Sad but true,—
Faintly it dieth	Time swiftly speedeth,
On the ear,	Years are few,
Sadly it moaneth	Joy wholly fadeth
On the gale,	In a day,
Quickly it passeth	Man early hasteth
With its wail.	To decay.

Original.

MENTAL COURAGE.

MORAL and Physical Courage are generally understood and appreciated, but there is a kindred attribute which may be denominated Mental Courage—and the former are not more indispensable in the common relations of life, than is the latter to the successful pursuit of knowledge and discipline of the mind. It is much the same quality with that which one of the ancient historians termed *φιλοτιμία*—a hearty readiness and alacrity to all kinds of intellectual work, with the power and the will to apply the forces of the mind with steady and persevering vigor, in mastering difficulties. Much may doubtless be done to promote this habit of mind, by a judicious method of instruction,—the true object of which is, not to relieve the student of the necessity of labor, but to direct and stimulate him to the use of his own powers. Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, and father of the History of Rome, made the following remark to his son on the subject—"No man deserves to learn any thing which he does not principally work out for himself; and the business of the instructor is to help the scholar out of otherwise inexplicable difficulties." This is a common sense view of the kind and degree of assistance which should be expected from teachers—and such a system, though it might be less agreeable to the indolence of pupils, or the ambition of teachers, than the forcing process often resorted to, would better prepare the student to complete the work of his own education, and to act with promptitude and self-reliance his manly role on the "theatre of the world."

The formation of this habit must, however, depend principally on the student himself. And in order to acquire it, the mind should grapple vigorously with such difficulties as occur, before extraneous aid of any kind is called in. The student must expect to climb the hill and swim the flood and thread the forest in his intellectual progress, as well as to walk over the smooth and level plain. And when he comes upon such difficulties, he should not too readily take the arm of another, but boldly and patiently try his own strength upon it first. If he succeed in mastering it, the acquisition will be much more secure and valuable to him. Even if he is obliged, after all his efforts, to resort to the advice and assistance of one who has trodden the path before him, his labour will not be lost. It is these very difficulties, with the patient labour they require, which principally educate the mind,—that is, which call out and teach it to master and apply its forces. It is the reconnoitre, the storm, the siege, the hard-fought field, which give the quick eye, the steady hand, and the cool, unflinching valour which distinguish the veteran soldier from the raw recruit. And in like manner, it is the difficulties, whether of language or of science, which the mind combats in the course of education, which produce the acuteness and the ready command of his resources that distinguish the scholar and the thinker from the uneducated man.

Nothing is more deceptive, than external appearance. The most exalted piety and virtue are often concealed beneath a plain, unostentatious garb, and a modest retiring deportment; while the greatest villainy often assumes the most specious guise and the most costly attire.

[Fragments of Time.]

Original.

TRUE PLEASURE IS AN EXOTIC WHICH FLOURISHES ONLY WHERE
IT CAN BLOOM ETERNALLY.

I saw a flow'r, so beautifully form'd,
So exquisite in its fair symmetry,
And yet so fragrant—that it seem'd as though
The bow'rs of Eden never could have held
A fairer.

I saw an infant sporting
In his mother's arms, while o'er his dimpled face
A smile was playing, such as you might think
Would well befit an angel's countenance,—
So happy and so free from care.

I saw
A girl just verging into womanhood,
Upon whose brow the look of chasten'd thought,
Had scarce succeeded to the fairy smile
Of childhood's sunny hours. Upon her cheeks
Were colors blended, such as well might vie
With the pure lily or the crimson rose,—
While on her ruby lips such graces hung,
As might seduce an angel from his work.

* * * * * I came again
To view that flow'r in all its loveliness;
But it had wither'd, and was now a poor
Forsaken thing. That happy little child,
Was e'en a man of cares, whose brow was mark'd
With the strong lines of thoughtfulness; while ev'ry
Trace of the pure smile of infancy was gone.
And O! that sylph-like form, which erst had seem'd
As if 'twere cast in beauty's perfect mould,
Was now so marr'd! while the deep, hollow cough—
That death knell of the lover's fondest hopes—
Too plainly told,—*the grave hath mark'd its prey.*

With sadden'd heart I turn'd me from these scenes,—
Taught this true lesson; that of earthly things,
Naught can afford that perfect happiness,
For which the soul of man hath such desire.
My soul! do thou look upward to that place—
Beyond the region of the stars—where bloom
The flow'rs of Paradise, with an immortal
Fragrance; where the cares of earth can never

Come to mar the look of innocence ; where
 Fell disease cannot invade the perfect
 Form of beauty. For there alone can true,
 Abiding, heavenly blessedness be found.

W.

A SUNSET IN SWITZERLAND.

* * * The sun was just setting behind the everlasting hills. The calm surface of the lake, was checkered all over with mighty shadows—bright lights—and all along its shores, antique towns and beautiful country seats painted white, gleamed out from masses of foliage. While all around, the snowy peaks of the higher Alps, suffused with that rosy light so peculiar to a Swiss sunset, rose into the bosom of the sky. But above them all, and directly in front of the lawn where we were seated, stood Mont Blanc, with its triple crests—"a kingly spirit throned among the hills." Although sixty miles distant, it appeared to rise up almost from the bosom of the lake, and yet from its grandeur, purity, and the heavenly light in which it was steeped, it seemed to belong to a better and more gigantic creation. As the light gradually faded from the rest of the landscape, it gathered about that summit, as if Earth was offering up its evening incense upon this, its mountain altar. I am sure there is not a heart, not wholly insensible to the influences of nature, that would not at such an hour, offer "silent worship," to the author of such a universe as this.

[Barnard—Visit to the Count de Sellon.

SHAKSPEARE'S LETTERS.

William Neate, the picture-dealer, who was remanded by the Insolvent Debtor's Court, was the person who many years before discovered an original letter of Shakspeare, written to the lord mayor of 1609, who was his intimate friend. The epistle was in verse, and congratulated him on attaining his civic dignity. The letter was found in an old pocket-book, which Neate, among other things, purchased in the city, at the sale of the property belonging to a person named Hathaway, a descendant of Shakspeare's wife, Anne Hathaway. Neate advertised the document, and a gentleman waited on him to treat for the purchase. He gave him one hundred pounds; and Neate afterwards ascertained that he was no other than Sheridan, who had been sent by the Prince Regent. The letter is now in the British Museum, and Neate complains that it ought to have "made his fortune." The pocket-book he sold for fifteen pounds, making a tolerable sum by his discovery.

CONVERSATION.

There are some few gifted individuals, whose conversation flows like a continued stream, fertilizing all around, enriching others without impoverishing themselves; but how different from the idle chatter of empty heads, whose only sounds are caused by their own hollowness. "Two things are indicative of a weak mind," says Saadi, the Persian sage, "to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

On attempting our first appearance before the public with the opening year, we cannot but make a gracious bow, and say to our readers, a *Happy New Year to you all*. And having been thus benevolent to our friends, we can do no less than exhibit the same kindness towards our "Miscellany," and express a good wish in its behalf. We hope then, that during the year which is commencing, it may meet with increasing favor from its patrons, and what is more, may deserve that favor. We not only hope that this *may* be the case, but we trust that it *will* be so. And our expectations are founded, not on any virtue that may be supposed to exist in those who conduct it, but on the talent and mental worth of those who have, and who doubtless will become interested in it, and be contributors to its columns. There is a charm in the first part of its name—in the word "Rutgers"—which will cause a tender chord to vibrate in the hearts of many, who were once within her walls, and have since risen to eminence in their various professions. Of course we shall have the literary aid of all who own Rutgers College as their Alma Mater: this aid has already been promised by many, whom no institution would be ashamed to own. The assistance of our Professors we have also obtained; although it would please us better, if they would hereafter give us their *names* with their contributions.

If then, as we have a right to expect, it should be sustained so far as the "Literary" part is concerned, we have no fears as to any thing else. For we have too much confidence in the good taste of the public, to suppose for one moment, that a periodical which is deserving, will be permitted to languish and die for want of pecuniary aid. So we commence in good spirits. And, if the subscription list should be increased sufficiently to warrant it, our intention is to increase the number of pages in the "Miscellany," before long.

We would not advise any one to take the January number as a standard by which to judge of the merits of those which shall follow; for we believe that it is a universal law in the physical, moral, and mental world, that *first* efforts are liable to be *inferior* ones. Such as it is however, we are not at all ashamed of it: yet we hope that it will become better and better, until it is all that its most ardent friends could wish.

Respecting the article entitled "The Charm Broken"—we were in some fear, lest by inserting it, we should violate a part of our Prospectus; but the assurances of an old gentleman of ninety, that the story was *true*, set the matter at rest. The biographical notice of "Jaques Bennet," will appear in our next number.

The existence of a Committee of Publication, precludes all danger of the exercise of partiality in the insertion or exclusion of articles. It will be the endeavor of this committee, so far as lies in their power, to observe strict and equal justice toward the productions of all; for the welfare of the periodical demands this peremptorily at their hands.

In conclusion, we think that we can with reason, ask all the friends of Rutgers College to lend us their aid, for a well conducted periodical can at least do the institution no harm; it may do it much good. Wishing to all, a long life, much happiness, and a 'happy new year,' we make our exit for the present.